

### Household Suggestion.

TO wash velvet make a good lather of soap and water, put in the velvet and move about well in the water. Take out without wringing, then put in clear, warm water. Move about well. Take out and pin on line without wringing. When nearly dry shake well, and when dry it is equal to new.

### If a Man Cannot Improve Himself, How Can He Improve Others?



# Magazine Page



### This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the sinking in the Mississippi of the body of Hernando de Soto, the Spanish explorer, who had been with Pizarro during the conquest of Peru. De Soto treated the Indians cruelly, and when he died his coffin was sunk to prevent its falling into their hands.

## THE LOVE GAMBLER

A Clever Story by a Famous Authoress

David Gets Orders to Be Measured for a Livery and Requests That His Army Service Be Kept a Secret by His Employer

By Virginia Terhune Van

### CHAPTER VIII.

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THE evening following David's suggestion to her father with regard to David's livery, the employer had a talk with his chauffeur.

David had driven Mr. and Miss Leighton down to Carnegie. Here they dismissed him with the order that he come back at 10.45. When he returned, the audience was just coming out of the hall and the crowd was so great that he had to wait some minutes for his turn to drive up to the entrance. Once in front of the door, he descended from his seat and stood waiting while his employer and his employer's daughter came from the building and crossed the sidewalk. With them was a young man who was chatting volubly.

"It has been a pleasure to see you again," he said, as he helped the girl into her car. "Good night!"

Lifting his hat, he drew back, and his eyes fell upon David's khaki-colored overcoat. He started slightly, as in surprise.

"Home, Smith," Mr. Leighton directed. Then, to the young man who still stood, his eyes fixed on De Laine, "Good night, Jefferson. We shall be happy to see you at our house whenever you come."

But the man did not reply. He was watching David as he started the car.

And David, feeling rather than seeing this scrutiny, pulled his cap down further over his face. He had met this fellow in Baltimore in that time designated as "before the war." At this instant it seemed years ago.

Had Walter Jefferson recognized him, he wondered, uneasily. But of course he had not. Perhaps something in De Laine's face had recalled a passing memory. He and Jefferson had known each other very slightly—had only met when the New Yorker had come to Baltimore for a couple of dances given by a cousin, who had since married.

In a dilemma.

Nevertheless, David mused, this kind of chance was not agreeable. It was his army coat that had attracted notice. If he were in livery, nobody would regard him particularly. Just now, when the thoughts of all were turned to the men overseas, any article of uniform attracted attention and interest. Yet, David reflected miserably, he had not the money to buy himself a new overcoat. He would be thankful when his references were received. He longed for the disguise of a chauffeur's livery.

The couple on the rear seat of the car were discussing the matter that was in the chauffeur's mind.

Mr. Jefferson looked at Smith very queerly. Desire commented, "I wish, Dad, that he had his regard on livery. I know people must think it's strange that we should let our man wear a shabby old army overcoat."

"Maybe that is true," Samuel Leighton admitted. "I noticed myself how Jefferson stood stock still and stared. Rather rude, too, I call it. Nevertheless, I may as well let

Smith go down town tomorrow and be measured for his livery."

Desire drew a sigh of satisfaction. "That's good," she approved. "I am glad you've decided on that. Perhaps, I am getting absurdly conscious of that army coat."

"I think you are, my dear," the parent agreed.

Thus it came about that Samuel Leighton told David DeLaine to wait for a moment before taking his car back to the garage that night.

"Come into the library with me," he said after he had opened the front door for his daughter, and had seen her on her way upstairs.

David had followed him wondering and uneasily. He had felt uncomfortable since his meeting with Jefferson a while ago.

Switching on the light above the great table in the library, Samuel Leighton sat down and drew a sheet of note paper toward him.

"I am going," he explained, "to give you a few lines to Stafford & Co., from whom I get my liveries. I would like you to report there tomorrow morning and be measured for what I am ordering here."

"Yes, sir," David responded.

A Wave of Homesickness.

While Mr. Leighton was writing his employee took advantage of the waiting period to look carefully about him.

The room was luxuriously and tastefully furnished—and there were easy chairs and books everywhere. It was a place in which people could like, love and be happy.

A wave of homesickness swept

over the young man. He was thinking back to the time when he, too, had a home. How well he remembered.

"Here you are!" Samuel Leighton swung around in his desk chair and held the letter out to him. "Take this downtown early tomorrow. We shall not want the car before afternoon. And tell them to hurry the job. I have also written them to do so in that note."

"Yes, sir."

There was a pause. As David met his employer's gaze, he spoke impulsively.

"I appreciate the confidence in me that your ordering this livery implies," he began.

He stopped. This was not the language a hiring would use to his employer—a hiring of the type he was supposed to be.

"I mean," he stammered, "are you sure, sir, you would not rather wait till you get my references?"

"No, I can trust you." Then, before David could guess his intention, Leighton caught hold of the sleeve of the army-coat and turned it quickly to the light. There was a tiny unbleached triangle where a wound stripe had been.

"Why did you take that off?" the older man asked abruptly.

"I did not care to excite comment by wearing it," was the low-voiced reply. "I was only an ambulance driver, you see. And," eagerly, "I am going to ask, as a favor, sir, that neither you nor Miss Leighton tell anyone I was in the service. May I ask you to promise that?"

To Be Continued.

## Simple Waist and Evening Gown

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For the bride here is an evening gown with a skirt of blue tulle over silver blue and satin. The waist, together with the girdle and the odd double train, is of turquoise blue satin.

The waist shown above is of white voile and one of its chief attractions is its moderate cost.

## HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

Fish should be very carefully examined and thoroughly cleaned, after being well washed, fish, before it is fried, needs drying, well in a clean cloth. Some fish, such as haddock, whiting or cod, require to be cut open before they can be emptied, while others, such as sole or plaice, can have the entrails drawn out through the gills. Be careful not to disfigure the fish, but clean it thoroughly and see that no stains or black skin is left inside.

It there is a roe, this should be allowed to remain if the fish is small, but if large it must be removed and cooked separately. If the fish feels slimy, rub it well with a little salt. Scales should be scraped off with a knife, scraping from the tail upwards and the fish well rinsed afterwards. If the scales are hard to remove, as is sometimes the case with fresh water fish, dip the fish in boiling water for a moment.

To remove fat stains from cotton fabrics, cover with butter and allow it to remain for a few hours before washing.

To prevent mold from forming on top of the liquid in which pickles are kept, put in a few pieces of horseradish root.

### Russian Ermine.

out in the timbers tall and stray and keep on straying through Spring and Summer-time and Fall, where bugs and bees are Maying.

The Russian ermine is a weasel-like animal whose fur is used for the facings and linings of the robes of office of certain dignitaries. The animal of this species, which furnishes the fur most prized, is found exclusively in Russia and Siberia, for it is only in these countries that the fur becomes sufficiently white to be of great commercial value. For many years it has been used by royalty and by the highest judges for the ornamentation of their official garments, the purity of its whiteness being considered emblematic of integrity and incorruptibility. During the summer season the Russian ermine is a light reddish-brown on the upper part of the body and a sort of cream tint underneath. At the approach of winter the short thick fur changes to a delicate creamy-white, excepting at the tip of the tail, where it is black. It is these tips seen through the fur that give it the rich contrast of black and white.

### Ever Seen Your Brain?

It is not such an outlandish question as one might suppose. In fact, it is quite possible to see one's own brain, according to Dr. Fraser Halle.

Many years ago Purkinje startled the scientific world by announcing that by passing a candle to and fro several times by the side of the eye, this might be done. The air in front, he declared, was transformed into a kind of screen on which was reflected what he supposed to be a magnificent image of part of the retina.

This started a research movement among the scientists of the period, and a controversy began. Sir C. Wheatstone thought the professor was slightly out of his bearings. He declared that what the latter had seen was merely the shadow of the vascular network. Then Dr. Fraser Halle returned to the attack, and stated that he had succeeded in identifying the picture with the representation of the "anterior lobe of the cerebrum."

The candle should be moved to and fro about four inches from the face. If the movement is suspended, the image disappears. Night is the best time for this experiment, but it can be seen faintly in any dark place even in the daytime.

### "You're a Brick!"

To describe any one as a "brick" is well understood as a terse expression of approval of the person to whom the compliment is applied. The phrase is of ancient origin, and is referred to by Plutarch in his life of Lycurgus. An ambassador from Sparta visited Athens and was greatly entertained and edified by what he saw during his stay; but one thing puzzled him—the city had no walls. Inquiring the reason of a phenomenon so rare in the warlike times as a city without defensive works, he was promised an answer on the following day. At sunrise the next morning he was escorted to a large plain near the city, where all the Spartan troops were drawn up.

"Here," said Lycurgus, "are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

### He Would Judge.

Patrick O'Riarty was up, charged with assault and battery. The magistrate fixed him with an eagle eye, and demanded if he was guilty.

The Irishman looked bewildered. "How can I tell, yer honor," said he, "I've heard the evidence?"

## Advice to the Puss in Boots Jr.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Love Her Too Well to Marry Her

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going about with a girl for seven months, during which time he has earned a small salary, and he reasons that some of his friends married on such a basis. Now, will you please help me out of this by giving me some advice. H. L. S. W.

Now, supposing the young lady, through a third party, gives the young man to understand that she loves him, and also gives him some mighty broad hints that she does. She hasn't seen him for six months, during which time she has asked him through a third party, to come and see her, and he does not. Perhaps you can advise the young man who is the writer of this letter, what to do.

A great many young people find themselves in the position you describe these days of the high cost of living. And I always advise them to marry and suggest that their wife keep her position after marriage for a few years at least, during which time the husband's prospects may improve and the wife would feel justified in giving up her position. If the young lady in question is living at home with her parents this course of action would be impossible. She might, however, care sufficiently about you to take a position that would enable you both to marry.

### Daughter of a Radical.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going about with a girl for seven months, during which time he has earned a small salary, and he reasons that some of his friends married on such a basis. Now, will you please help me out of this by giving me some advice. H. L. S. W.

If you are only nineteen and the girl eighteen you have plenty of time to wait until you succeed in overcoming parental objections. You are both pretty young to marry at the present time.

### A Natural Inquiry.

A certain bishop, uncertain of his way to the railway station, inquired of a boy whom he met. "I say, my lad, how far is it to the station?" he asked. "About a mile straight ahead," replied the boy. Then, staring at the bishop's knees, he added: "What's up? Somebody pinched your bike?"

THE cock on the house top blowing his horn.

The but in the barn a-threshing of corn; The maid in the meadows are making of hay.

The ducks in the river are swimming away.

THIS is the Mother Goose melody that Puss Junior sang as he jumped out of bed. The sun shone brightly on the floor, and Puss leaned over and picked up a pin, saying today my fortune will begin, for I have found a silver pin!

Well, before long he and Tom Thumb were dressed, and when they came downstairs the little yellow hen had the breakfast table already set; the kettle was boiling away and singing a song; from the oven came the odor of hot biscuits, and the bacon in the pan sizzled and sizzled.

The little old man came in with a big red rose, which he put in a vase and placed on the table. And after the coffee was made, they all sat down, and you can well believe the food tasted mighty good. The little yellow hen was a fine cook, and as every one had a fine appetite breakfast was soon over.

"And now, my pretty little hen," said Puss Junior, giving his scabbard a slap with his paw. "I must be off upon my journey of adventure." "We shall miss your stories," said the little old man, giving his hand to Puss. And then he turned to Tom Thumb and said: "We may meet again, always remember that the little old man and the little yellow hen will always be happy to see you both again."

And after that Tom jumped merrily on Puss Junior's shoulder and our two small travelers once more set out upon their journey. And by and by, as they went through the forest they came to a hut of rough logs that looked deserted, but Puss Junior was careful not to push open the door. Instead, he peeped through a crack.

And it was mighty well he did, for there the one large room stood a fierce black dragon. His eyes were like coals of fire and his great wide open mouth was like a fiery furnace. Puss took just one look and then picking up Tom Thumb, put him in his pocket and ran swiftly away.

And after a while Puss whispered to Tom: "If I can find St. George, I'll tell him about this fierce dragon. He'll be glad to have a chance to kill another dragon!" And next time I'll tell you what happened after that.

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## "The Dark Star"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Realizing His Own Faults Neeland Tells Rue She Is Destined to Become a Great Artist

She hesitated, breathless, smiling at him out of her beautiful golden-gray eyes as though challenging him to doubt her loyalty or her belief in him.

It was rather curious, too, for the girl was unusually intelligent and discriminating; and Neeland's work was very, very commonplace.

His face had become rather sober, but the smile still lurked on his lips.

Realizes Own Faults.

"Rue," he said, "you are wonderfully kind. But I'm afraid I know about my work. I can draw pretty well, according to school standards, and I approach nearly the same standards in painting. Probably that is why I became an instructor at the Art League. But so far, I haven't done anything better than what is called 'acceptable.'"

"I don't agree with you," she said warmly.

"I'm very kind of you not to." He laughed and walked to the window again, and stood there looking out across the sunny garden. "Of course," he added over his shoulder, "I expect to get along all right. Mediocrity has the best of chances, you know."

"You are not mediocre!"

"No, I don't think I am. But my work is. And, do you know," he continued thoughtfully, "that is very often the case with a man who is better equipped to act than to let with pen or pencil; how others act. I'm beginning to be afraid that I'm that sort, because I'm afraid that I get more enjoyment out of doing things than in explaining with pencil and paint how they are done."

But Rue Carey, seated on the arm of her chair, slowly shook her head.

"I don't think that those are the only alternatives; do you?"

"What other is there?"

She said, a little shyly: "I think it is all right to do things if you like; make exact pictures of how things are done if you choose; but it seems to me that if one really has anything to say, one should show in one's picture how things might be or ought to be. Don't you?"

He seemed surprised and interested in her logic, and she took courage to speak again in her pet, deprecating way.

"If the function of painting and literature is to reflect, a mirror would do as well, wouldn't it? But to reflect what might be or what ought to be requires something more, doesn't it?"

"Imagination, yes."

"A mind, anyway."

"That is what I have thought; but I'm not at all sure I am right."

"I don't know. The mind ought to be reflecting only the essentials of reality."

"And that requires imagination, doesn't it?" she asked. "You see, I have put it much better than I have."

"Have I?" he returned, smiling. "After a while you'll persuade me that I possess your imagination. But I don't know."

"You do, Jim."

"I'm sorry, I don't. You construct. I copy; you create. I ring changes on what already is; you dissect. I skate over the surface of things—Oh, Lord! I don't know what's lacking in me!" he added with gay pretence of despair which possible was less feigned than real.

"But I know this, Rue Carey: I'd rather experience something interesting than make a picture of it. And I suppose that confession is fatal."

"Why, Jim?"

"Because with me the pleasures of reality are substituted for the pictures of imagination. Not that I don't like to draw and paint. But my ambition in painting is and always has been bounded by the visible. And, although that does not prevent me from appreciation—from understanding and admiring your work, for example—it sets an impossible limit to any such aspiration on my part."

His mobile and youthful features had become very grave; he stood a moment with lowered head as though what he was thinking of depressed him; then the quick smile came into his face and cleared it, and he said gaily:

"I'm an artistic Debby; a reliable, respectable sort of Fido on whom editors can depend; that's all. Don't feel sorry for me," he added, laughing; "my work will be very much in demand."

CHAPTER XXIX.

En Famille.

The Princess Mischchenka came leisurely and gracefully downstairs a little before eight that evening, much pleased with her hair, complexion and gown.

She found Neeland alone in the music room, standing in the attitude of the conventional Englishman with his back to the fireless grate and his hands clasped loosely behind him, waiting to be led out and fed.

The direct glance of undisguised admiration with which he greeted the Princess Naia confirmed the impression she herself had received from her mirror, and brought an additional dash of color into her delicate brunette face.

"Is there any doubt that you are quite the prettiest object d'art in Paris?" he inquired anxiously, taking her hand, and her dark eyes were very friendly as he saluted her finger tips with the reverent and slightly exaggerated appreciation of a connoisseur in sculpture.

"You hopeless Irishman!" she laughed. "It's fortunate for women that you're not serious, even with yourself."

"Princess Naia," he demonstrated, "can nothing short of kissing you

convince you of my sincerity and—"

"Impudence!" she interrupted smilingly. "Oh, yes, I'm convinced. James, that, lacking other material, you'd make love to a hitching post."

His hurt expression and protesting gesture appealed to the young woman against misinterpretation, but the Princess Mischchenka, laughing again unfeelingly, and seated herself at the piano.

"Some day," she said, striking a lively chord or two, "I hope you'll catch it, young man. You're altogether too free and easy with your feminine friends."

"What do you think of Rue Carey?"

Stunned by Rue's Charm.

"An astounding and enchanting transformation. I haven't yet recovered my breath."

"When you do, you'll talk nonsense to the child, I suppose."

"Princess! Have I ever?"

"You talk little else, dear friend, when God sends a pretty fool to flatter."

She looked up at him from the keyboard over which her hands were nervously wandering. "I ought to know," she said, "I also have listened." She laughed carelessly, but her glance lingered for an instant on his face, and her mirth did not sound quite spontaneous to either of them.

Two years ago there had been an April evening after the opera, when, in taking leave of her in her little salon, her hand had perhaps retained the fraction of a second longer than she quite intended, and he had, inadvertently, kissed her.

He had thought of it as a charming and agreeable incident; what the Princess Naia thought, she never thought of it she never volunteered. But she so managed that he never again was presented with a similar opportunity.

Perhaps they both were thinking of this rather ancient episode now, for his face was touched with a mischievously reminiscent smile, and she had lowered her eyes from the ivory-tinted hands still idly searched after elusive harmonies in the subdued light of the single lamp.

"There's a man dining with us," she remarked, "who has the same irresponsible and casual views on life and manners which you entertained. No doubt you'll get along very well together."

"Who is he?"

An Impetuous Soul.

"A Captain Sengoun, one of our attaches. It's likely you'll find a congenial soul in this same Cosack whom we all call Alak."

She added maliciously: "His only logic is the impulse of the moment, and he is known as Prince Erlik among his familiars. Erlik was the Devil, you know."

He was announced at that moment, and came marching in—a dark, handsome, wiry young man with winning black eyes and a little black moustache just shadowing his short upper lip—and a head shaped to contain the devil himself—the most reckless looking head Neeland thought, that he ever had beheld in all his life.

But the young fellow's frank smile was utterly irresistible, and his straight manner of facing one, and of looking directly into the eyes of the person he addressed in his almost too perfect English, won any listener immediately.

He bowed formally over Princess Naia's hand, turned squarely on Neeland when he was named to the American, and exchanged a firm clasp with him. Then, to the princess:

"I am late? No! Fancy, princess—that great booby, Izet Bey, must stop me at the club, and I exceedingly pressed to dress and entirely out of humor with all Turks. Kh bien, mon vicux!" said he in his mingling manner of a nervous pelican, "they're warming up the Balkan boilers with Austrian pins on my part—they're full of snow." And I said to him: "Snow boils very nicely if the fire is sufficiently persistent." And I think Izet Bey will find it so"—with a quick laugh of explanation to Neeland: "He meant Russian snow, you see; and that boils beautifully if they keep on stoking the boiler with Austrian fuel."

The princess shrugged.

"What schoolboy repartee! Why did you answer him at all, Alak?"

"Well," explained the attaché, "as I was due here at 8 I hadn't time to take him by the nose, had I?"

Rue Offers Amends.

Rue Carey entered and went to the princess to make amends: "I'm so sorry to be late!"—turned to smile at Neeland, then offered her hand to the Russian.

"How do you do, Prince Erlik?" she said with the careless and gay cordiality of old acquaintance. "I heard you say something about Colonel Izet Bey's nose as I came in."

Captain Sengoun bowed over her slender white hand:

"The Mohammedan nose of Izet Bey is an admirable bit of Oriental architecture. Miss Carey. Why should it surprise you to hear me extol its bizarre beauty?"

"Alak," said the girl, "I'm contented that you left devilry for revelry." And, Marotte announcing dinner, she took the arm of Captain Sengoun as the princess took Neeland's.

Like all Russians and some Cosacks, Prince Alak ate and drank as though it were the most delightful experience in life, after he did it with a whole-souled heartiness and satisfaction that was flattering to any hostess and almost fascinating to anybody observing him.

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

## Aunt Eppie Hogg, the Fattest Woman in Three Counties

By FONTAINE FOX

